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# The Bride



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## Chapter 1 by Ashley

Today was my sister's wedding.

She looked so lovely in her flowing, white gown. Her silky black hair was up and a few curled strands lay against her soft, powdered face. She was the perfect picture of a beautiful bride. The type one imagines and dreams of...

The cathedral had a wonderful aroma of fresh cut flowers. The sun was shining through the stain glass windows, making the images dance. Everyone was dressed in their very best. It couldn't have been better...

The music began, and the groom looked down the aisle, awaiting the presence of his true love.

Yes, she came arrayed in all her glory. Step by step, down the red carpet...

Then it happened.

As she let go of her father's arm, and walked to her place by the groom, she stopped and turned. She faced the audience with a wicked smile and began turning in circles. She went faster and faster until -

Until her wedding gown disappeared, and in its place was a black, lacy, veiled dress. The room went dark and stunted screams were heard all around. I gripped the arm of the pew I sat on and closed my eyes. This wasn't happening, this couldn't be happening. It was just like my dream I'd

I had all those years ago, back when I was a little girl.

But well this had to be a dream, because I was wide awake and immediately

I began clutching myself in fear, my heart racing and my hands sweating. I had to get out of there, I had to get out of there.

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But something was wrong, I pinched harder and still no Xander. It was then that I heard the cackling begin, It sounded like my sister's witch laugh she used whenever we played our haunting games. But this was different, this cackle penetrated. It sunk deep into the recesses of my bosom and hit hard like an arrow to the chest.

Fear enveloped me, this was real. I was here. This was happening.

And nothing prepared me for when the lights came back on. Everyone had there mouth open. They didnt know if to scream or be silence. I thought i was imaginating for a moment but i wasnt.

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